

THE NEW SOUTH.



Vol. 1, No. 4.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

Price Five Cents.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Published every *Saturday Morning* by
JOS. H. SEARS,.....Proprietor.

PRICE: FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Advertisements, one dollar a line, each insertion.

Terms: invariably cash.

OFFICE: Post Office Building, Union Square.

POETRY.

The Parting of Summer.

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

The Summer fades; the autumn shades
Will, coldly, soon be here:
The fitful blast is whirling past
The sunset leaves and sere.

The birds of song, a sportive throng,
Have fled the treeless bowers,
As if they grew, when spring was new,
And perished with the flowers.

It is a time for thoughts that climb
The spirals of the sky,
Where hearts unfold, in joys untold,
And roses never die.

The airy flowers, that blest the hours,
With tints of summer bloom,
In silent grace, for upper space,
Have left their seeming tomb.

So heart, my heart, thy loves depart,
But only seem to fail;
To Heaven they rise, in fairer guise,
And over death prevail.

The Signal Department.

One of our most valuable auxiliaries, in the present war, is the admirable system of army signals by which communication is opened and maintained between portions of our forces—separated from each other, by miles of land and water,—with great facility.

In a hostile country like this, and upon ground such as we occupy, where no ordinary telegraph can be very conveniently or safely laid, it is invaluable.

Prior to the departure of the Expeditionary corps, seven signal officers were selected to accompany it, and at Annapolis embarked on board the flagship and the different transports assigned to the Generals, thus establishing ready communication between the commanding General and his subordinate Brigadiers and the Commodore of the Squadron. Upon the voyage their services were frequently required, and during the storm which cost us several transports and so greatly endangered the entire fleet, they were found eminently useful and advantageous.

After the capture of this place and the occupation of Beaufort, signal stations were established at Bay Point and Kane Island, and Beaufort and Head Quarters were brought closely together. Sometime afterwards a line was opened to Daufuskie Island and Walls Cut, and after the capture of Fort Pulaski a signal officer was stationed there, so that now, whenever the ram, about whose destructive powers such varied information is given, chooses to drop down the Savannah River, on her way

to attack us, a soldier, standing upon the parapet of the Fort, will wave a flag over his head, in a most mysterious manner, at the equally mysterious orders of the signal officer, and long before she clears Tybee, we shall know at Head Quarters that the Ram is coming, where she is, what she is like, and such other information as it may be desirable for us to know in order that we may receive her in the proper manner. Such means of communication are proof against "tapping" and "cutting," and stations can be moved at pleasure from one position to another. An officer takes his men, and they their flags, and mounting upon a house or tree, or (which does not occur here, where not even a hillock relieves the solemn and monotonous level) a mountain top, puts up a flag and there is a signal station. With a strong glass he can see away off in the distance a dim speck, rising against the sky, from some other prominent object, and there is another signal station. Presently that little speck—so dimly and faintly seen—moves a little to the one side and then a little to the other, and back again, and those two fellows set to work talking to each other, with absolute correctness and to any extent, and upon any subject that it may be needful to talk about, while one not initiated, may gaze and peer until his eyes grow blind, without, at such a distance, being able, for the life of him, to note to which side the flag is moving, or indeed if it make any other than the same regular motion all the time. Those who came with this Expedition were the pioneers of a system that has worked a great change in one of those things, greatly desirable, yet in which all armies were sadly deficient. Simple in its construction, it defies all tests for solution, and is of the most comprehensive character, rendering great service upon the battle field, where it is used to convey orders or warnings, from the commanding officers, to columns miles distant, or separated from him by impassable obstacles—as also to direct the fire of gunboats or batteries upon points not within their view. To such uses it has been applied in this Department upon several occasions with entire success. Thoroughly tested, it has spread itself over the whole army, and signal officers now accompany every column. Some time ago the Navy Department formally applied to have it introduced into the Navy, and naval officers are now, we believe, being instructed therein.

In selecting officers for this service, cool, clear headed, intelligent men are required, as it not unfrequently happens that they are greatly exposed, and upon their coolness in transmitting, or their intelligence in understanding, an order properly, may depend the safety and success of our forces.

The position of the signal-men we should scarcely regard as a delightful one. Indeed, the station at Elliott's Plantation—in the top of a high tree—full sixty feet from the ground, affords rather a disagreeable idea of his duties. We have heard of unfortunate travelers who have been hung up on pins around the walls of crowded country taverns, but sleeping in a tree-top is hardly a much more desirable lodging. One who walked in his sleep would do well to change his habits in that respect, lest he wake up and find himself dead on the ground in the morning. The breaking of a nail, or the splitting of one of the little strips nailed on the side of the tree, which form the ladder, either of which may happen, would lead to other "breakings" much more serious. At Braddock's Point, the station is located upon the house in

which John C. Calhoun first saw the light of day, and in which a portion of his early life was spent. Frequently, in after years, when his name stood high upon the list of the great men of America, he used to revisit the home of his childhood, as though he found pleasure in its associations and could there leave behind him for a time the busy life of the statesman and the politician.

Sensible of its usefulness, the Commanding General has added to the original number of Signal officers in this Department, by the detail and instruction of others, taken from the different regiments of this command, and we have now seventeen officers, seven of whom are First and ten Second Lieutenants, and somewhat more than double that number of enlisted men—of whom three are Sergeants, six Corporals, and the remainder Privates.

The names of the officers are as follows:

First Lieutenants—E. J. Keenan, H. L. Taft, G. H. Hill, Wm. Reynolds, Chas. L. Davis, O. H. Howard, J. R. Findley. Second Lieutenants—H. C. Snyder, F. E. Town, C. F. Cross, J. P. Rushby, J. L. Hatfield, J. C. Vidal, Paul Brodie, W. H. Hamner, E. H. Hickok, M. M. Fenner.

THE LAST WORDS OF GENERAL M'COOK.—There is something sublime in the last words of the murdered hero, General ROBERT M'COOK—"I am done with life; yes, this ends it all. You and I part now, but the loss of ten thousand lives such as yours and mine would be nothing if their sacrifice would but save such a Government as ours." These are words worthy to be engraved on the heart of every soldier in our army, of every seaman in our navy. They are worthy to be treasured up in the memory too, of every one who weeps at home for the brave that return no more. Let them be repeated from lip to lip around the camp fire where the soldiers gather to speak of the past and to speculate upon the future. Let them pass from mouth to mouth when the serried ranks move forward to the field of death. The sentiment is heroic; it will kindle a heroic flame in many a manly heart, and give ten fold energy to many a stalwart arm. The life of the brave, loyal soldier is precious beyond all price; yet the sacred object for which it is sacrificed is vastly more precious still. How the utterance of such a sentiment from the pallid lips of the dying hero puts to shame the apathy of half-hearted friends to our glorious Government!—*Albany Journal.*

WOMAN.—Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for lie to protect the helpless.

Transplant her in the dark places of earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold valuable, but buried in the furnace. In short women is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

—What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.